THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1626.

Choice Poetry.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure ye pledge with truth—
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth;

For, if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold;
And hold enough of the shining stuff—
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust,
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy,
And there she sat, so calm and pale,
That but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair. *Scott.*

A few days after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, Mrs. Georgia Clifton entered Zuleime's room. The poor girl was sitting in an arm-chair near the window, idle, as was never her habit before, with her hands lying languidly [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

The following description of the personal appearance of the famous President of the Continental Congress, is from a work recently published:—

One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with the gout; probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice, in high circles, in those days. As recollected at this time, Gov. Hancock was nearly six feet in height, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease.—His manners were very gracious, of the old style of dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress then was adapted quite as much to be ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice, in genteel families, to have a tankard of punch made in the morning, and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold and silver lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian of West Newbury, that he paced all the way to Boston, in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot."

This description shows that the men who gained our national independence were by no means "sans-culottes."

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gentleman believed in the correctness of his wife's judgment, and in the reality of his daughter's peace.

Major Cabell was baffled and perplexed. "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave," and so, also, is that base passion which often goes by the holy name of Love. It had been under the influence of both of these that Charles Cabell had sworn to punish Zuleime severely for what he called her faithlessness. But for the present, at least, he was completely frustrated. There was nothing to complain of in her conduct to him. She was very kind and gentle—not with the gentleness of meekness and humility, but with that of a compassionate toleration—such as an angel might feel in looking down upon a determined sinner—seeing his moral insanity, and foreseeing his consequent wretched- [illegible]

"Yes, if it is not too difficult."

"Is this difficult?" he asked, holding a page out to her.

"No, that is very simple," said Zuleime, looking entirely at the music—not at the words.

"It *is* a ballad of Thomas Moore's. I wish you to sing it for us. Will you?"

"Certainly."

"Come, then," he said, and took her hand, and led her to the piano. He seated her, and laid the song before her, saying to himself, "If she can sing *that* though without emotion—aye, or *with* emotion—if she can get through it at all—she can do, or suffer anything! She is a heroine."

Zuleime was reading over the words, preparatory to singing them.

[illegible]

"*No, nor was it the song.* If I pitied myself, should I not pity *you* as much? It is not such a happy fate, Cousin Charles, to marry a grief-stricken girl like me, I know."

"*No!* If I calculate upon your continued indulgence of that grief, which I do not! *No!* Trust me on the part of my wife, there must and shall be no such exhibitions of feeling as that of last night."

"I do not know why you wish to marry me!" she broke forth, with strange wildness. "You do not love me! Perhaps you hate me, and marriage will give you the same power to work out your hate as it would to act out your love! Yes! I do suppose that is really the key to the riddle!"

"Perhaps it is," he answered, sarcastically.

"One thing I beg of you," she said; "while [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

[illegible]

Original Sketch.

THE MAIN LAW.

[Both our readers who favor, and those who oppose, the Maine Law, may find perhaps something to keep them from yawning, in the following sketch.—Ed. New York Post.]

Six spoke a young man until a group who were evidently opposed to the "Maine Law," or certain prohibitory liquor laws, had collected in the street. Their anti-liquor measures are hooted, from the fact that they have not succeeded. His style and manner and looking were observed. But he did not hear his call. He was indeed a stubborn as a stiffness from a hardened heart. He was, he honestly felt, the clergyman to which he was inscribed, but still unobserved. He had money or quite lost his affection for his erring parent—for both his parents, indeed. For them the course of events, the complaints of the other worldly life. He had access pro-hibitory measures, and consequently could not succeed. Rivals and no rule made bottom of the Drunkard's Home. As he continued, he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder, looking up, perceived that it was an old Friend—one of the people called Quakers—who wished to draw his attention. As the old gentleman was a Friend in a double sense—personally as well as by association—Andrew Wallace left the company in which he was standing, and walked away with the Quaker.

"In thee quite right, Andrew, in making liquor sell cake as thee on a grave night! I for thee never think that perhaps it might draw upon stock attention to thy father's weakness?"

"Wherefore—the old man is—"

"Hence thy father and thy mother, Andrew, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Honor—how can I honor such a person, friend Hezekiah?"

"Because not an elder, but ordered him as a father. Now, Father William is not only an elder or teaching thee, but he is thy father literally. Has thee answered him?"

"I—I have been—busy, friend Hezekiah, a thousand times! And is not my mother's life a whole life of sobriety? We have begged and implored him—coerced and argued with him threatened—I insisted and persuaded. But it does no good. He will not keep sober a week at a time—he never considers the comfort of his family, and but for me they would want for necessaries—not to say the comforts of life. So I go with all my might to the law which shall prevent sufferers from growing rich upon our wretchedness. I am for the Maine Law, and nothing short of it."

"And I, too, Andrew, am a friend of the Maine Law. And if everybody would support and maintain it, there would be none of the sorrow in the world which flows from man's inhumanity to man." But which we are waiting for the lawgiven, can't thee do something thyself for thy father?"

"I have done—all."

"Not all, Andrew. Will thee let me share thee? Where is thy father, to-night?"

"In some drinking house."

"In what drinking house, Andrew? Come, thee *should* know something of thy father's haunts and habits, for it might be of benefit to him. Does thee smoke tobacco, Andrew?"

"What has *that* to do with it, friend Hezekiah?"

"Never thee mind, friend. Reason, a short-cut thee? Where is thy father, to-night?"

"I have done—all."

"Not all, Andrew. Will thee let me share thee? Where is thy father, to-night?"

"In some drinking house."

"In what drinking house, Andrew? Come, thee *should* know something of thy father's haunts and habits, for it might be of benefit to him. Does thee smoke tobacco, Andrew?"

"What has *that* to do with it, friend Hezekiah?"

"Well, I do, then."

"Don't thee be short and surly, Andrew. I know thy duty does, for thee has taught it to many weeks. Don't answer me. I don't say that these are not always drink, though oftentimes the inner fault to produce this greater. But I am going to give thee some information."

Andrew was puzzled as to what his monastic friend could be aiming at. The Quakers look him into a large store, and while Andrew stood wondering what all could mean that he sent, the Quaker bought a small but very complete and somewhat heavy assortment of groceries. He borrowed of the shopkeeper a basket in the bargain.

"Shall I need them?" asked the grocer.

"No; this young man will call for them, presently. Has thee good sugar?"

The grocer pointed to his stock, and Friend Hezeps assisted a handful—at random, we suppose, but he was no judge of the article.

"Come, Andrew," he said, and they walked forth, the young man still in very much of a mystified condition. "Andrew, I have ate thy sugars. Light one. Here, boy," said the Quaker, handing up a little parcel of cigars, unasked, in whom seventh a sugar stock, like the handle of a wallet. "Does not smoking it make thee sick, my lad?"

"Well, I don't, old Hez!"

"Come, now, my son, I see the weed does not improve thy manners. Does thee know when thee began to smoke tobacco?"

The boy drew back, inclined to harbor some slight suspicion that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and protested that he was not going to be made game of.

"Well, well, my lad, give my friend here of thy fire, for he smokes, too!"

Andrew was half disposed to refuse to have anything to do with the vagrant, but he could not imagine what true Friend Hezeps was preparing for him. But the Quaker insisted, and used the long laugh of the boy's companion, and the sugar was lighted, and the Quaker and his friend went their way.

"Thee knows, Andrew, where thy father is?"

"I could find him, I suppose."

"Well—I am now going home, for Rebecca will wonder what has become of me, this evening. And she will wonder more at my feelings, for I do believe the sweets from thy sugar, and the young smoker's, has permeated through the texture of my habiliments, even to my linen. Harmful, mind, I can think even tobacco smoke, in a good cause. Go thou to thy father, and say to him: 'Father, will thee take a weed?' for that is what the flesh people call it, as I perceive in the pagans. Thy father will take it, without a doubt. Then thee will be on terms, and thee will say, 'Father, help me home with a basket?' Thy father will come with thee. Take the groceries home, and if thy father and mother suppose thee has been with them, never bend their mistake. To-morrow return the empty basket. And let me see thee, Andrew, in a day or two, and we will talk more of the Maine Law."

Andrew hardly knew questioned or doubted the point, but the old Friend was gone. His pride rebelled at the gift of groceries, but as he suspected his shrewd friend, had a purpose in that, he decided to carry out the suggestion of the Quaker. All happened as Friend Hezeps had predicted. John Wallace was surprised to see his son enter the bar-room, where he sat with slightly cronies. He was angry, to be an uncalled-for intrusion, and a scene. But when Andrew offered him a cigar, I think it was mere hesitation, judging from this commencement, that his son did not intend to shame his father, has been compunctious.

"I have a basket to take home, father, will you help me?"

The father rose without a word, and as they passed out, Andrew saw him pocket something of the spirit and purpose of the thing, made a casual remark or two, which the father pleasantly answered. And as they went with the basket home, the father ventured an assertion which was not quite the truth, but all a lie, to wit—that he thought they "wanted some things" at home, and was going to get some to-morrow.

When they reached home, Mrs. Wallace was surprised and pleased, but was too wise to say anything to betray the unsuspiciousness of the provisions made for the family. She busied herself in packing away the contents of the basket, and father and son smoked their segars in silence, while the fire in the grate kindled more and more, and admired the spiral wreaths of vapor as they ascended. Mrs. Wallace did not like the smoke—but she said nothing. A supper brewed and a kind son acted some for a much greater inconvenience than ever the fumes of the cigar—the relative strength of Good and Friend, the Friday Location, the Free Thinkers, Dissatisfy, and all other current topics, came under review, and both son and wife wondered how much general information and shrewd observation John Wallace had hitherto resorted for the benefit of his own family and top-stones.

All retired quietly and discreetly at an early hour; and Mrs. Wallace congratulated the two on undisturbed and quiet sleep, for none of them.

In the morning John Wallace awoke, assumed, with a puzzled frown, and stared tongue. He was surprised to find his wife up before him. He drowned himself with the tossing hands of the habitual drinker, who has not yet taken his morning potation to stay his nerves, and he shook down the stairs, intending to slip out for his draught, and return before he was missed. But as he descended, memory recalls existed his case, and he heard a blessing by to the kitchen. The door stood open, and his wonderful exit stopped him.

"Come, John," she said, "don't go out by the front door. It is all ready, and will look better by breakfast."

He could not ponder in his presence; but sat down at once to a hearty breakfast, shortly served. A cup or two of well-made coffee, and a hot roll, and a slice of ham, and a couple of eggs, with the cheerful conversation of his wife, and the quiet attention of his son, restored the man. He wondered that he had not made himself at home before. And it is well that he did. The demon drunkenness, impatient of the disappointment of the morning, was soon driven from the house—never again to return.

The grocer, the man's hands shook, and he could not trust himself to shave with a safe hand. Andrew brought him a cup of coffee, with sufficient cream upon the table. He bowed and his other wants were supplied, and he ventured to look at his father, cheerful, though not exulted—and not quite so strong, perhaps, for the moment, as he would have been, but for the fear of the son's disability attention. Then the day was before. The dinner was soon with a pleasant relish. The evening was spent at home.

Andrew in a few days sought his friend Quaker friend again.

"Well, Andrew," said Friend Hezeps, "what does thee think of the Maine Law, now?"

"Oh, I have been so busy that I have not thought of it at all."

"Indeed thee has, my lad," said the Quaker, after he had listened to Andrew's account of the proceedings. "Thee has been thinking of the Maine Law, and doing it, for what does thee particularly wish to say to-day?"

"Father is getting money. He says he *must* go down-town to-night to draw all he's owed of it."

"Well, Andrew, thee must go with him."

"He don't want me. He says he will be home early—and not drink."

"He will drink, Andrew, if he goes without thee. But I should have to see thee on it, and this, if he did not feel an obligation to go to the place."

Andrew made no reply, but stood pondering.

"Can't thee *guess*, Andrew? Thy father would be glad to forget the place forever—let him a sense of the best solution of the case?"

"And what shall I do, then?"

"Give him the money to pay it, if he has it not himself—and go with him, when he is ready."

"Pay the pickpocket who has impertinished so so long! He can't reserve the demand."

"He don't, but can't reserve thy father, unless thee helps him to overcome his lodging's love. drew. A debt is a debt, and it preys on his mind. Thee must help him to pay it, and then the hold of the tempter will be loosed. Just then thee little grocer's bill thee is taken the Grocer will be glad to receive the money—and that spirit-vender, and his imps, and fallacies, are every day saying that thy father only keeps out of debt as a short time all-night reckoning."

"There is hope in what you say."

"There is truth, Andrew. Now take my advice. Has thee money?"

"Not much."

"Take this, and pay me at thy leisure. Now don't make a bother, and a spluttering, and parade. They cannot afford to be a violent reformer, lest rest; and when thee can afford it, thee will have earned that and greater—a stronger than the sense, and sensible more powerful than temptation."

Has thee any of these segars left?"

Andrew smiled.

"I thought so. Well, so much the better. Then one goes with the father to a night, and a call for segars. Then thee can read a bookbill. Anything is better than a spree, while thy father silently pays his score. The landlord will press him to drink, but he won't be used to meet not, Andrew, not even a glass of porter. And then he never need enter the place again."

Andrew was a worthy young man, and Friend's advice, and the event proved him so also. Andrew's father died a drunkard, but Andrew was settled. The drink was refused. The tavern-keeper was quietly rebuked in the act, and he found that he had not shaken the best judge-ity of his former customer. Nor could he refuse to pay his bill, for he was paid in the face of the manent. We may mention, in parenthesis, that the grocer's account was duly run-seller out of the business. He felt ashamed of the kind of trade which ruined his patrons—and moved by the circumstance, and by the fact that Andrew's father, has renounced the evil traffic. But to return to our account.

In a few weeks more, Andrew called on the Quaker to refund the money loaned, and also the price of the basket of groceries.

"And how is thy father now, Andrew?"

"He is sometimes perfectly sober, thanks to your wise advice."

"And what does thee think of the Main Law, now?"

"I have not thought at all."

"Oh, but thee is mistaken—as I said before. The Main Law—the main pillar of Christianity to regards man and man, is written not in the records of a great code of laws, but in the Covenant or Testament—and I felt a concern to tell thee of it. Thee knows, my lad, that I am talking so kind, and to so little purpose, that evening, thee knows. It is written in the book of Matthew, and was spoken by the great Lawgiver of the New Testament: 'Therefore all things whatsoever that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the Law.' Now this is my Main Law, and thee will find it will apply to almost almost anything about it. And thee has been acting under it, Andrew, in the matter of thy father. Thy father will soon fall into the spirit of it, as well as thy mother. And now, if thee will come to-morrow, or he may, don't forget The Main Law, but keep it always in practice. Farewell, Andrew, and return to me whenever thee has a scrub. But step one moment. If thee will have one gill cooking, and so can thy father. It looks to no good, and I have interested it only for expediency so far. But it is against The Main Law. How would thee like thy mother and sisters to smoke, Andrew?"

Clippings.

☞ There is now in operation at *Bellingham*, Edgar Worts, near Blythe, England, a steam engine for making ice. It has been a considerable success in its first year's operations, and has been much complete. It uses the fire-damp and a half boiler feeder and the machine can make ice to twenty-four hours; they have now commenced taking it down to send it to the Manchester and Liverpool markets, which, our correspondent believes, is Spain.

☞ There are four thousand five hundred Methodist Episcopal churches in the world, and eighteen hundred and eighty-six ministers, and one million seventy-six thousand members.

☞ An advertisement appears in the English papers, announcing the republication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in London, in six numbers, or a shilling each.

☞ Wholesome sentiment is rain, which falls alike on the just and the unjust, on the evil and the good.

☞ A SPECIES PLEA.—A young thief who was charged the other day with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, "for that he and never picked pockets but such as had put them just to they came."

☞ The habit of prodigal with other man's money is the quintessence of meanness, while a decent parsimony is in the highest degree honorable. It is the true economy, the privilege of thriftiness in the man, who contents himself with the wages of his patrimony which he may or may not receive from his ancestors—who buys with more promises to pay, lumber, which constitutes nothing to his improvement, comfort or real happiness—whose motto is—"The world owes me a living and a living I'll have," knowingly and wilfully.

☞ THE FLEABAG OF HOPE.—The only quotation of the week—"Hope springs eternal."

☞ All retired quietly and discreetly at an early hour; and Mrs. Wallace congratulated the two on undisturbed and quiet sleep, for none of them.

In the morning John Wallace awoke, assumed, with a puzzled frown, and stared tongue. He was surprised to find his wife up before him. He drowned himself with the tossing hands of the habitual drinker, who has not yet taken his morning potation to stay his nerves, and he shook down the stairs, intending to slip out for his draught, and return before he was missed. But as he descended, memory recalls existed his case, and he heard a blessing by to the kitchen. The door stood open, and his wonderful exit stopped him.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are cash, if paid in advance—if not paid in advance, &c.

Subscribers may supply in such times years.

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8 " (and one to Agent, or the	$12 00
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Specimen numbers sent Gratis.—Persons wishing to send the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the whole will amount to the sum required for the same time those of the main list do. Where Clubs are formed, we supply the back numbers from the commencement of the year, if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, and at one and the same time, and for payment quarterly.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the money for a Club is received, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the money.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, may confer a favor by having them sent to one Post Office, and to the name of the subscriber.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters to be post-paid.*

Persons ordering their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will assist ourselves and ours by forgo (Not for the Mammoth Post) or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a five-cent paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small papers.*

WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

The Pleasantville Rail Worts, carried into effect an association of practical sailors and operatives, for the purpose of working themselves out of shafting a heavy portion of the capital paid in. They have some of the best artificers found in the market; but it would not do—the enterprise has not profitable.

Our readers will remember that we decided, at the time of its formation, the success of the above company, notwithstanding we announced no earnest desire for its prosperity. It may be well at this time, to enter into a brief examination of the causes which generally have led to the failure of such associations.

The first and principal cause, is the first piece, that the aristocratic principles of inequality, but natural and important distinctions in society as well as the democratic one of equality. For there are two great facts of human existence, which no logic can controvert, and which no one will for a moment attempt to do. The one is, that all men are not created *equal*—in the sight of Congressmen, and the old Germantown Bailroad is a conspicuous instance between the Quakers and the modern railroad. If the cars run off the track, nobody is hurt; but should the doctor jumps down and pushes them on again. There is time to read the morning paper, of the latest news, before the next train arrives, and the business of the day. And if at night it is found expedient to send a telegraphic dispatch to one's sister State of New Jersey.—famous for the manner in which she puts one hand into the pockets of Pennsylvania, and the other into those of New York—and a third Bishop is accused of things best to be left unsaid—stealing with the world, which is a necessary qualification for the office.

But our attention has been drawn anew to this matter, in consequence of four new special orders having been issued by the Board of Managing Bishops to the original secession against Bishop Doane; which specifications are said, by the Bishop's counsel, to be as follows:

The new specifications consist, in substance, of the two charges of paying 10 per cent to the Camden Bank, one of which, for $250, was signed by the Rev. Mr. Hodges, and the other of $1 00 endorsed by Michael Hays for $1,000, the remaining $750 being credited out of a judgment which the Rent held against Hays; the second charge of $1 00 endorsed by Hays and signed by Hodges, and a third charge of $1 00 signed by Hodges.

The first two charges are, that the Bishop was in the habit of running in debt for large sums of money, and that he was unduly solicited by it on the steamboat Trenton, in November, 1861, and at Providence in November, 1857; and that he caused Joseph Doane to break other moneys, but he might be also persuade him to endorse certain notes.

The charge that the Bishop declines to be false, or capable of such an explanation as will divest them of a false or immorality.

Well, we do most truly and earnestly wish Bishop Doane a fair trial, and a safe deliverance. But he has been imprudent, probably his warmest friends would admit; we trust that he will be able to show, by good testimony in all men, that six offences "hath not been proved against him."

Let the Gallop Jane Winch.—General Hayne Hayden is beginning to wince under the lash of public opinion, and will soon be ready to open him by the burning lens of the press. At the battle of Point Pelee, the General was in the unhappy few of old, he keeps wandering up and down the world, seeking rest and finding none. Like Cain, he is afraid to meet his fellow-men, and is afraid to be alone. He is afraid to act with energy as the best means of bringing about a change in his affairs, and afraid to do a difficulties to contend with. "I regard war," he says, "as the greatest scourge that can be inflicted on humanity, and consider that a necessity for their existence would defy. *An evil that is made unnecessary, and to allowed justice to prevail.*"

And, General, an example is now necessary. In your case, and indeed in the whole course of your life. History will not forget your deserts, you need not fear that. It also will not forget your cowardice makes the just of your humanity," in order to bring such insincere pretensions to the test of a practical war, we intend to have such war as is waged by gallant but gentle men, not the soap-tearing, infant-killing, prisoner-burning warfare of lubricant savages.

The Cholera.—A subscriber in Kosciusko county, Indiana, requests us to state for the public good, that a single dose of Jayne's Carminative cured his neighbor's sons taken with the Cholera in infantum. It also relieved his wife of a most distressing attack of cholera morbus. "Two of them are dead, two still very sick, and one is mending."

Memento ad Hamlet.—We have received a handsome engraving of J. E. Murdoch, the tragedian, in the character of Hamlet. Published by McClees & Germon.

Marsh's Fashion Plate.—This new plate contains engravings, taken from Daguerreotypes, of the Whig and Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

CORRUPTION.

We remember a little while ago, it was stated in the columns of the American Courier, and all other leaders, could be bought and sold for a price. Now, we do not say that this is the case with all the press, but we do say that it is a fact, that there is a corrupt influence at work in this country, which is sapping the foundations of our liberties, and which, unless it is speedily met, will overthrow them. Corruption in high places, and in low places, is the great evil of the day. It is the great curse of the country, and the great danger. It is the great source of our political troubles, and the great cause of our political troubles, and the great cause of our political troubles, and the great cause

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND.
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, Comic and other Engravings, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

Foreign News.—Recent arrivals from Australia have landed sixty thousand ounces of gold.

The harvest throughout England is progressing satisfactorily. The weather is favorable for reaping wheat, barley and oats, and the harvest is going on uninterruptedly. The potato-rot has entirely disappeared in Ireland.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN UTAH.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

Of MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and, 20 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Of COURTENAY & WIENGES, Charleston, S. C.
Of W. ADAM, Washington, D. C.
Of ELI ADAMS, Salem, N. J.
Of SAML. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

Sept. 1852.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
25 Saturday,	6 4	5 57	12 16	
26 Sunday,	6 5	5 [illegible]	1 3	
27 Monday,	6 6	5 54	1 40	
28 Tuesday,	6 8	5 52	2 17	D. H. M.
29 Wedn'day,	6 9	5 51	2 54	Last 6 1 14
30 Thursday,	6 10	5 50	3 31	New 13 5 18
1 Friday,	6 12	5 48	4 12	First 20 7 37
2 Saturday,	6 13	5 47	4 56	Full 28 1 5

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	12	72	74	77
	13	57	61	65
	14	57	66	68
	15	67	68	67
	16	61	67	67
	17	55	63	63
	18	56	64	—

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Sept 15, half past nine in the morning, by the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Staten Island, Mr. ALBERT I. BEDELL, of Basking Ridge, N. J. to Miss SUSAN ANN COLE, of the former place.

On Thursday, the 2d inst. by the Rev. S. McNair, Mr. THOMAS MCGUIRE, to Miss HANNAH QUIGG, all of Bart. Township, Lancaster county.

On the 28th Nov. last, by the Rev. John Ruth, Mr. EMANUEL PRICE, of England, to Miss MARGARETTA E. ERNEST, of Nova Scotia, adopted daughter of W. Jackson, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Mr. JAMES BARRING, to Miss MARIA SPENCER.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. D. Washburn, Mr. RICHARD HENDERSON, of this city, to Miss MARGARET KIRKPATRICK, of Spring Garden.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. W. W. Taylor, Mr. A. S. SPOFFORD of Cincinnati, to Miss SARAH P. PARTRIDGE, of Cambridge, Mass.

On the 15th inst. at, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Mayor Gilpin, THOMAS ANNADOWN, Jr. to HANNAH A. BELL, all of this city.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$2 50 TO $20
VESTS,	2 00 " 6
PANTALOONS,	2 50 " 8

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

WE HAVE NO APOLOGY TO OFFER for presenting the public with a New Magazine. Just such a periodical as we design to make, is, we believe, wanted, and, if our view on this point be correct, the public will duly respond to our effort.

The Editor of the HOME MAGAZINE is
T. S. ARTHUR,
of whose ability, character, ready tact, and unflagging industry, we need not speak. In his hands is the entire editorial charge of the work, and with him will rest the responsibility of its literary character. A new nouvellette from his pen is commenced in the first number, now ready, entitled
"THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE."

A large portion of the articles in the HOME MAGAZINE will be from the pens of many of our best American writers; at the same time, selections from other sources will be made, and, as far as practicable, all such sources will be duly credited, so that the reader may know the origin of what he finds interesting.

The "HOME MAGAZINE" will present certain features and attractions not fully possessed by any of our many excellent monthly publications. Its name implies its character. For all tastes the editor will not attempt to cater; but, for the thousands and tens of thousands who love what is good and true and beautiful; who have an interest in all that is genial in humanity; who, like the wise bee, are ever seeking to gather the honey of life as they walk steadily and hopefully onward; the "HOME MAGAZINE" will come, we trust, as a valued friend and pleasant visitor, and leave the minds of all who read it refreshed and strengthened.

In order to prevent misapprehension on the part of the public, we will here state, that the HOME MAGAZINE is a monthly issue of the Home Gazette, and contains the best articles that appear therein, thus fixing in permanent shape, and for circulation in new channels, literary matter from the pens of many of the ablest writers in the country. It is from this cause that the publishers are able, in the outset, to furnish [illegible]

[illegible]

WICKERSHAM'S
PATENT SECTIONAL IRON FENCE
FOR
RAILROADS, FARMS, &C., &C.

Price $2.50 per rod, (16 1-2 feet,) fence four feet six inches high.

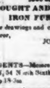
WROUGHT AND CAST-IRON RAILINGS, IRON FURNITURE, &c., &c.

For drawings and explanations address the Manufacturer,

JOHN B. WICKERSHAM,
312 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & SHANNON, 34 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
sep18-3m

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



This world-renowned Artificial Limb, it will be recollected, was among the foremost triumphs of American ingenuity exhibited in the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in 1851. It there received the award of the GREAT PRIZE MEDAL, as the "best" limb (amongst 30 of the best ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN manufacture) exhibited; and was so well appreciated, that an extensive manufactory is now in successful operation at 20 Regent Street, London, under the auspices of the Queen and the Medical Faculty of London and Paris.

Mr. Palmer receives the patronage of every eminent Surgeon in the U. States—and has been honored with 20 GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, or "FIRST PREMIUMS."

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

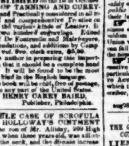
[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON.

[illegible]

SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

[illegible]



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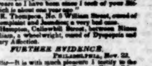

[illegible]

Original Sketch.

THE MAIN LAW.

(Both our readers who know, and those who suppose, the Main Law may find perhaps something to interest them in the following sketch of it. The Rev. Prof. Phelps, of Andover, is a Congregationalist, and a temperance—anything to keep men from ruining themselves, and making beggars of their wives and children of their children.—Ed. Sat. Ev. Post.)

In quite a young man could a group who were assembled in the village of ——, in Maine, on certain restrictive liquor measures—or to that end liquor measures are formed, from the state which they were then enacted. His antecedents and feelings were alowed that he did all that he could. He was indeed a milkman—a milker from a father's habits of intemperance. He loudly left the dangerous to which he was born—but, not although sympathized. He had merely or quite lost his affection for his erring parent—for both he and his parents, indeed. For while the cream of one gathered, the complaints of the other reached him. He had always preferred to indulge his younger brothers and sisters. Rhoda and he rode on the bottom of the Dorothy's House. As he mentioned, he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder, and looking up, perceived that it was an old Friend—one of the people called Quakers—who wished to draw his attention. As the old gentleman was a Friend in a double sense—professed as well as by profession designation, Andrew Wallace left the company in which he was standing, and walked away with the Quaker.

"In this peaceful sight, Andrew, in making up said parts on him on a more private scene, he never think that passage it might dear too much temptation to the father's weakness!"

"Wanteese—the old man is—"

"Home by dinner and by dinner—Andrew, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth them."

"Home—how can I home such a person, friend Nicopus?"

Nicopus not an older, but entent him as a father. Now, John Wallace is not only an older or something then; but he is my father literally. Has thee entered him?"

"A thousand times, friend Nicopus, a thousand times! And is not my father in the whole life of entirety? We have begged and implored him—reasoned and argued with him —threatened, and promised. But it does no good. He will not keep sober a week at a time—he never considers the comfort of his family, and yet he me they would want the Legislature not to say the contents of life. Or I go with all my might for a law which shall prevent rollroad from growing rich upon our wretchedness. I am for the Maine Law, and nothing short of it."

"And I, too, Andrew, am a friend of the *Maine Law*. And if everybody would support and maintain it, there would be none of the sorrow in the world with from there man's inhumanity to man." But while we are waiting for the legislature, don't thee do something thyself for thy father?"

"I have done—all—"

"Not *all*, Andrew. Will thee let me show thee? Where is thy father, to-night?"

"In some drinking house, Nicopus."

"In which drinking house, Andrew? Come, then *should* know something of thy father's haunts and habits, for it might be of benefit to him. Does thee smoke tobacco, Andrew?"

"What has *that* to do with it, friend Nicopus?"

"Never thee mind, Andrew, but answer what I ask thee. Does thee smoke tobacco, yes?"

"Well, I do, then."

"Don't thee be short and surly, Andrew. I know the father does, for those who drink always smoke. Don't answer me. I don't say that those who smoke always drink, though often the customer loafer finds free produce the greater. But I am going for information, Andrew."

Andrew was puzzled as to what his reverend friend could be aiming at. Friend Nicopus took him into a large store, and while Andrew stood wondering what all could mean, that is one, the Quaker bought a small but very complete and somewhat heavy meerschaum pipe, he mentioned, in whose mouth a sugar stick, like the handle of a musket. "Does not smoking make thee sick, my lad?"

"Well, I don't, old Nico!"

"Come, now, my son, I see the weed does not improve thy manners. Does thee know when thee began to smoke tobacco?"

The boy drew back, inclined to harbor some slight suspicion that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and protested that he was not going to be made game of.

"Well, well, my lad, give my friend here of thy fire, for he smokes, too!"

Andrew was half disposed to refuse to have anything to do with the vagrant, for he could not imagine what trap Friend Nicopus was preparing for him. But the Quaker looked kind, and said the kind laugh of the boy's companions, the sugar was lighted, and the Quaker and his friend went their way.

"Thee knows, Andrew, where thy father is?"

"I could find him, I suppose."

"Well—I am now going home, for Rebecca will wonder what has become of me, this evening. And she will wonder more at my fancying fun, for I do believe the smoke from thy sugar and the young smoker's, has persuaded through the textures of my handkerchief, even to my linen. Never mind, Andrew! I can stubs over tobacco-ans, in a good cause. Go then to thy father, and say to him 'Father, will thee take a word?' for that is what the Sash people call it, as I perceive in the papers. Thy father will take it, without a doubt. Then thee will let me know, and thee will say, 'Father, he's not home, and thee will say.' Thy father will invite him thee. Take the gunpowder home, and if thy father and mother suppose thee has bought them, never head their mistake. To-morrow return the empty bottle. And let no one else, Andrew, in a day or two, and we will talk more of the Maine Law."

Andrew would have questioned or debated the point, but the old Friend was gone. His pride rebelled at the gift of gunpowder, but as he suspected his shrewd friend had a purpose to serve, he complied to carry out the benevolence of the Quaker. All happened as Friend Nicopus had predicted. John Wallace was surprised to see his son enter the barroom, where he was on his nightly custom. He was angry, for he expected naked words, and a scene. But when Andrew offered him a segar, he took it without hesitation, judging from the commencement that his son did not intend to shame his father in his home companions.

"I have a basket to take home, father, will you help me?"

The father rose without a word, and as they passed out, Andrew, who began to discover some-thing of the spirit and purpose of the thing, made a casual remark as to where his father pleasantly answered. And so they took the basket home, the father evidently at a loss to imagine which was not quite the truth, nor all a lie, to wit—that he thought they "wanted some things at home," and was glad to help them to answer.

When they reached home, Mrs. Wallace was surprised and pleased, but was too wise to say anything to betray the incompetentness of the provision made for the family. She busied herself in packing away the contents of the basket, and father and son entered the room where the table was in hand, but after various alterations has been made complete. The tea is free and the fire is kindled, and the teapot is placed in one ton in twenty-four hours; they have now accommodated taking it down to meet Friend Nicopus at his destination, which, our correspondent, not believes, is Spain.

Within the last four thousand five hundred languages throughout the world, besides the dialects of each.

☞ An advertisement appears in the English paper, announcing the republication of Uncle Tom's Cabin, in London, at a penny per copy—number!

Whatsome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odoriferous.

☞ A Special Fine.—A young thief who was charged the other day with picking pockets, was fined one dollar and costs, which he said had never picked pockets but had always taken them out by the ear.

☞ To be liberal and prodigal with other men's money is the quintessence of meanness. To be liberal and prodigal with one's own is the purest grace honorable and praiseworthy. The true spirit of Nihlesse is the man, who commands debts which he make or no provision to liquidate—who begs with more prominence to pay, lavishes with more recklessness, and with more impertinent, conduct or real happiness—whose motive—The world owes me a living and a living I'll have,' meaningless of means.

☞ The Persians of Hope.—The only people who have not lost their hope are the frightened and quiet sleep, for many a month.

In the morning John Wallace awoke as usual, with a parched throat and a burned tongue. He was surprised to find his wife up before him. He seemed himself with the troubling hands of the habitual drinker, who has not yet fallen his morning position to stay his nerves, and he stole down the stairs, intending to slip out for his draught: and return before he was missed. But as he descended, satory smells entered his nose, and he heard a hissing fog in the kitchen. The door stood open, and his wasshist wife stepped him.

"Come, John," she said, "don't go out before breakfast. It is all ready, and will lose by waiting."

He could not gainsay in his purpose; but sat down at once to a hearty breakfast, which was followed by a cup of wonderful, steaming coffee, with unaccustomed delicacies and accompaniments. He wondered that he had not been called down to breakfast before, and was not a week, about as before, together, in their daily labor. When they separated, Mrs. Wallace, by way of thought and help'ul, and not a little wonder at the wisdom of his wife's domestic scheme. He did not drink one of all that he had recommended, and could not tell what to carry out the plan called Friend Nicopus had suggested.

It was a long business. Andrew was in the habit of "taking a little," as he termed it, in the long interval between a mechanic's early breakfast and his dinner. And to treat for it this day, he remembered his father. And it is well that he did. The former drunkenness, impatience of the disappointment of the morning, was making factors clamor against John Wallace's partial abstinence. The poor man's hands closed, and he could with difficulty place them upon his locks. His head was confused, and his mind wandered. He felt as if he must have a drink, and began to parley with resolutions, when Andrew came to him at this critical moment.

"Come, father, with me a second!"

"Here's where I get a mouthful, the long business is over, and he, in the evening, will be more eating house. John looked round in haste for his coffee-cup, while Andrew ordered coffee for two. This, with some slight trouble, not enough to spoil their dinners, steadied John. Among the things which he had recommended to his wife, cheerful, though not excited—and Andrew was not a little surprised to find that he would have home, had he taken his usual breakfast—was a pipe and tobacco. Then the day passed. The dinner was eaten with a pleasant relish,—the evening was spent at home.

"Andrew," said Friend Nicopus, "what does thee think of the Main Law, now?"

"Why, I have been on hour that I have not thought of it at all."

"Then thee likes it, my lad," said the Quaker, after he had listened to Andrew's narrative of his proceedings. "Thee has been thinking of the Main Law all the time. But what does thee particularly wish to say to-day?"

"Father is getting money. He says he never go down to-night to that old haunt of his."

"Well, Andrew, then must go with him."

"I don't want to. He says he will be home early—and not drink."

"I *would* drink, Andrew," he goes without thee. But I should have no hopes at all of him, if he did not feel an obligation to go to the place."

Andrew submitted, but pulled his cap over his eyes.

"Can't thee *guess*, Andrew? Thy father thinks of having the money home, and may not be even a dozen there, without any doubt."

"And what shall I do, then?"

"Give him the money to pay it, if he has it not himself—and go with him, when he does not."

"Pay the pickpocket who has impoverished us so long! He can't reverse the demand."

"He don't want to. He says he will be home early—and not drink."

"I would

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General News.

Foreign News.—Recent arrivals from Australia have landed sixty thousand ounces of gold.

The harvest throughout England is progressing satisfactorily. The weather is favorable for reaping wheat, barley and oats, and the harvest [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Vermont.—Fairbanks (Whig), has not a majority of the whole, and is defeated. The Whigs have a large majority in the Legislature. Two Whig Congressmen are elected, and in one district there is no choice.

Alabama.—The States Rights Convention nominated George M. Troupe, of Georgia, for President, and General Quitman for Vice President. The nominations were unanimous. After an Electoral ticket had been appointed, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

General Cass Giving in His Experience.—General Cass, in his place in the Senate, at the close of last month delivered his evidence against the abuse of Presidential candidates, in these terms, derived from his own ample experience:

"I speak, perhaps, with the more warmth on this subject, because I have had some experience, and I believe that in the whole catalogue of human enormities you can scarcely find a single crime that was not charged to me in 1848, except, perhaps, the murder of my wife and children; and if Providence, in its wrath, had taken them from me, I verily believe that I should have been charged with their murder; and I have just as little doubt that a large portion of the Whig party would have believed the story. Sir, I bore it well, I think quite philosophically; but no man can bear such charges with total indifference. Why, if Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, were here, it would try his patience to be subject to such aspersions. I think, if I had gone through some portions of this country in that year, many a good Whig would have peeped out from safe covert seeking to discover my horns and hoofs, firm in the conviction that if I were not the arch-fiend himself, I stood pretty high in his conclave, and was one of his fittest associates."

Candidates for the Presidency.—There are now six candidates for the Presidency:— [illegible]

A Perambulating Ballot-Box.—The Texas Judges of elections have adopted a plan to save voters much inconvenience, in a country where the election district covers considerable ground. The ballot-boxes, accompanied by the judges and clerks, were recently taken up and down the river, and the votes of the sovereigns received wherever they found them. The judges do not say that they crossed into Mexico, but they say if they did, it was only because the river was so crooked, that they would have lost too much time by keeping around the bends, and if they got any votes in Mexico, it was entirely accidental, and, therefore, it being considered unavoidable, must be legal.

General Scott.—General Scott has left for the West, to visit the Blue Lick Springs, in Kentucky, in order to select a site for the Western Military Hospital. He has been received with great enthusiasm at various places along his route. He will be absent from Washington about 12 days, returning by way of the Lakes and West Point. Gens. Wool and Lawson accompany him.

A Chancery Suit.—The fictitious case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, on which Dickens has founded the "Bleak House," is almost paralleled by the real case of Beckford vs. Jasper, which was begun in the English Court of Chancery more than a hundred years ago, and has but recently been settled. The London Observer says:

The original plaintiff was Thomas Beckford, executor of one James Pope, a merchant in Madeira, and Edward Jasper, also a merchant, who was the original defendant. Jasper owed Pope £10,000, and Pope died in 1743, and in 1745, Beckford, his executor, filed this bill against Jasper, who died before he could put in an answer. The suit was revived against Jasper's executors, and in 1758 the cause was heard before Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and referred to the Master to take accounts. In [illegible]

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN UTAH.

The Fourth of July was celebrated at Great Salt Lake City with a great deal of apparent enthusiasm. A procession was formed which marched to the Tabernacle, where the following exercises were observed:—

Prayer was made by Elder N. H. Felt, when "the Declaration of Independence" was read by Mr. H. Stout.

Capt. Ballo's band played "Hail Columbia," after which an appropriate speech was made by Mr. H. G. Sherwood, in behalf of the 31 aged veterans, and a tune played by Capt. Pitt's band. Then a song was sung, from which we extract the following two verses:—

Though sister States discordant jar,
And quarrel over slavery;
Though North and South should go to war,
Utah at peace will ever be.
Though demagogues our fall may seek,
Zion is strong—her foes are weak.

Though fell division gain the sway,
Where vile sedition now is rife,
And fright the Eagle bird away,
To distant States devoid of strife,
Here may he wend his weary flight,
And soar amid our mountains' height.

An address and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" closed the performances of the forenoon. In the afternoon the party again assembled, when they were called to order by W. C. Staines, one of the Committee, and the choir sung "All Hail the Day." Prayer by Elder W. Woodruff.

The following toasts were then read by W. W. Phelps and T. Bullock:

1. The United States—By virtue, united they stand; in vice, divided they fall.

2. The President thereof—When virtue exalts the nation, wisdom is justified of her children.

3. Her Army and Navy—Arms extended for the rights of all—"sin not."

4. The Several States—One family; which [illegible]

Miscellaneous.

Origin of the Sack or Paletot.—Count d'Orsay, who, while he resided in London, was as much the leader of fashion as Beau Nash in his day, or Brummell in his, and whose fiat in dress was potential, is not generally known as the inventor of that fashionable article of dress, the Sack or Paletot, under the following amusing circumstances, though neither is the name of the garment in question. Count d'Orsay called it Chesterfield, in honor of his friend, the present Earl of Chesterfield, the great racing nobleman, who owns the finest stud of horses in England. "Count d'Orsay was returning from a steeple chase, when being surprised by a heavy fall of rain, he ordered his out-rider, who always carried his coat strapped on his saddle, that it might be ready to protect the Count, in the event of an accident like the present—he ordered his out-rider to bring him his cloak. The servant stammered out some excuse about having forgotten it. No house was near, the ordinary overcoat worn by the Count was getting quite wet; suddenly a turn in the road discovered to the impatient rider a low drinking shop, and a sailor covered with a sort of large and long roundabout, which covered him nicely from his throat to below his thighs. 'I say, there, my good friend,' said the Count to him, 'what say ye to a seat by yon counter and a chance at drinking my health until it clears up?' 'I should like nothing better!' 'Good; then off with your round about and sell it to me. You won't want it while y're [illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 18.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 57 South Third Street.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

[illegible]

AN IMPORTANT WORK ON MONEY-MAKING.

[illegible]

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT TO TANNERS AND CURRIERS.

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TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

[illegible]

CHESNUT ST. FEMALE SEMINARY.

[illegible]

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, &C.

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WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

[illegible]

HARDWARE.

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,
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CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY

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CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

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BIGELOW'S ALTERATIVE,

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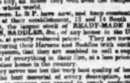

[illegible]

WM. BAILY & SON.

[illegible]

CAMBLOS & BROTHERS, EXCHANGE BANKERS,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

TO HELLIE

BY MRS. E. D. SUTHERLAND.

I dreamed last night an angel came,
With soft brown locks and pearly brow,
And fondly called me by a name
Whose music thrills me even now.
Whose tender thrills are, even now,
Like bird-like in her lily arms.
The angel of my dream of dreams—
Ah! was it but a dream of charms?
Could nothing add to my bliss?

I heard upon the silent air
That sound like voices of the blest
And as her locks came flowing low,
As close to mine her lips were pressed,
I could exist! cannot—only see.
Then smile to me in memory's dream,
And when the misery night was done,
Your child-like face was all I seem.

Here sit in my door, Come home,
At my street door when flowers undone,
In my poor thoughts through summer's bloom
To her, who love the beauty therein,
So, beauty of a home must then,
Though oft by summer sunny mist,
Through all the years the earthly fly
Of joy, fairy child and guiltless,

Ah! me, how oft when purple clouds
Were coming o'er each dipping hill
And in the home of the gladie
The very leaves were hushed and still—
Above me the setting sole by rule,
Around the budding vines and flowers,
Breathed thoughts which would not reveal
Into,
From other, in these secret hours.

There's never a sorrow I have known,
Then but her pencil thy human thought;
Temptation, despair, rested on these,
All, all are in her keeping true!
For those best instilled they're not,
And I have looked as deep in thine;
Thy love for me human one,
Yet seems one half too strong as mine.

Seven sisters! were the twilight waves
Are sobbing on the New Isles's shore
My spirit meet thy presence crave.
To share the inner best of me.
So with me then, at eternal days,
At length, which now are but dreams,
And love shall reach me to believe,
That I indeed find face to face.

Cincinnati Commercial.
Cleveland, September, 1859.

Pictures of Life.

THE BURNING SHIP.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

I remember to circumstance connected with one of the voyages which I made across the Atlantic, which exhibited, by a fearful example, how potent an ally the human mind may become to the conscience in its persecution of the guilty.

Late in the Autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the Southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occasioned by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land, at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in the vessel which was then to sail from Charleston, index with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Capt. Lemuel, who was also the owner of the cargo.

Whilst any such worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Honolulu; the tremie exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and once again the former congratulated each other that the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our Captain was the recipient of delight, that as usual was the cupply of cotton to the market, and as strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it, might command almost any price which the owners of the vessel should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little more South, was at this time pretty much round to the East, and promised to bring us, without delay, directly to the Mediterranean. The Captain perceived that, by availing ourselves to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might, probably, realize a very handsome profit—a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most sanguine joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was descried to the West, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded, it boldly increased, it fell considerably to the North of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on the full wind, with every sail set. Night came, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The Captain was on this time pacing the deck, as he had done for most constantly since the intelligence had been received by the North; and though the night now glared unmistakable, and the frequent shots could be tolerated, and the cries of despair and exclamations of the passengers could not be mistaken—his glance never fell upon the object which caused all alarm.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement amongst the passengers and crew at the silence of the Captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not bear out to the distressed vessel; but the other coldly ordered him to attend to his concerns. A little while after, as the confusion on board the whole company on board, I went up to the Captain and said to him that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied, with agitation, that the ship could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind, and inconsiderably run down to the sale, and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and on ordinary occasions few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow-being. But the prospect of riches was his much for his virtue; the hope of great gain darkened all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They consoled the fact, however, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, and by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the Captain appeared upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagined that the conduct, during his indisposition, must have been marked by the most stern resolution. He came to the helm, and stood near him as he came up. His tone had a rigid, yet anxious look; the countenance of the man was hardened beyond some shock. His look was turned in the quarter from which we came, and in that position he continued to remain, calmly, some indifferent observations. While the excitement about me, as the vessel which we hurried glanced to the South and East, left his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that there was no other object in view; he then turned fully round, and with an effected gaiety, bid a cheerful morning, which was opposite to the coolest character of his remarks, drew near the quarter-deck, and, with a self-satisfying examination, noticed his fowls, and laughs renewed his composure.

When the morning had passed, and, tainted by ship, just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the Captain in disgrace of his escape of the burning ship.

About eight months after this when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlor of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Florence. It announced that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a great favor if I would call upon him at my earliest leisure; my coming would add to the pleasure expected to himself from others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room I was shocked at the change which had taken place in the appearance of the man this, pale, and haggard, with a wild sense of eye that almost indicated that his reason was sometimes deserted him. I was amazed, on seeing me, call, desiring me to be seated, began his conversation:

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in Florence to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will come to your mind without my repeating them. I need my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was conducted at once a fish mart. The possession of wealth was rest to me, and its enjoyment ordeal, in my power, to its usual gratification, the object of my journey. In the hospital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, united day, on entering it, with I might go a-day, and I may say that I was never happy but during my residence in Florence.

Political Reclamations.—The *Carpet Bag* reckons the vanning tens of the Whig and Democratic parties as follows: Whig, 1860; Democracy. It indicates its preference for Ensign Jubbi Stebbings, who, it says, is immensely popular with the fellow voters other Democratic candidates, many people may have never heard of his name. It takes the substitution of the *Evening Post* and the *Tribune*, and siphons that the *Post's* factor gives 12 cents a year and the *Tribune* factor gives 80 as doubtful. Taking these together, we have 137 doubtful, or certain for Stebbings. For we also have 214 doubtful Status go for but the doubtful